

The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXXIV—NUMBER 17

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1928

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LOVELL TAKES OVER BETHEL, 5 TO 3

In a Fast Game at Lovell Center, Lovell Gets Four Runs in Third Inning

Last Sunday, the twelfth, Bethel journeyed to Lovell Center and met defeat at the hands of the Lovell All-Stars, Lipsburg, N. J., Irving Clark and Mr. The game was a fast nine inning affair and Mrs. G. N. Sanborn, Mrs. Clark and was featured by excellent pitching wishes to express her thanks and appreciation to all of her many friends who so kindly remembered her by a shower of cards, flowers and birthday cake.

Lovell was exceedingly fortunate to win, bunching four of their eight hits in the third inning, which combined with an error, netted them four runs, enough to win the game.

The first inning started off with a hit by each team but neither side scored. In the second, Bethel broke the ice with a double by Win Howe and a single by Tom Eldredge. Gill pitched himself out of a bad hole in Lovell's half, striking out two men with the bases loaded.

Another Bethel hit was wasted in the third but not so with Lovell. The first man up got a life on Scotty's error, the next batter connected for a two bagger, and the three men following each connected safely to total four runs.

This ended the scoring until the seventh when Lovell got a lucky run on an error, a stolen base, and a Texas leaguer over first. Bethel broke into the scoring again in the eighth with two out. Roger Bartlett had made a nice hit but was called out stealing with a decision that seemed questionable. The next man struck out but Scotty made a hit. White got a walk and Howe brought them both in with his second two base hit.

Neither side did any further scoring with both pitchers bearing down hard.

Gill pitched the first four innings for Bethel and except for the unlucky third did very well. That one inning with its four runs was enough, however, to give the decision to the opponents. Jack struck out seven men in the four innings he worked while his successor Roddy Bartlett made ten of the All-Stars fan the breezes in the same number of innings.

Bethel out hit the Lovellites ten to eight but could not bunch them to any extent. Win Howe was mainly responsible for Lovell's three runs, scoring Den Kerckhoven, last Thursday evening at the home of Mrs. Earle Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldredge were the other two. The evening was spent in playing bridge. Mrs. Harry Brown winning the men to connect twice for Bethel.

Souther pitched a good game, striking first prize and Mrs. Wade Thurston the men to connect twice for Bethel.

White refreshments were being served, breaks were all against Bethel and there were one or two decisions by the men, where she found a package containing pices that didn't seem altogether correct.

The box score—

BETHEL	ab	r	h	po	a	c	Mrs. Harry Brown, Mrs. Winfield Howe, Roger Bartlett, etc.
	5	0	1	1	2	1	1 Mrs. Irving Carter, Mrs. Wade Thorne, Mrs. Laurence Lord, Mrs. Myron Swan, etc.
	3	0	2	17	0	0	0
	4	0	1	0	0	0	0
	4	1	1	2	1	1	1
	3	1	1	0	0	0	0
	4	1	2	0	0	0	0
	4	0	2	0	0	0	0
	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
	4	0	0	1	0	0	0

LOVELL

	ab	r	h	po	a	c	Mrs. Clarence Meserve and Miss Marion Jordan came after Phyllis and Philmore Meserve, who have been spending the summer with their aunt, Mrs. Souther, etc.
	4	0	1	4	1	0	0
	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
	4	1	0	4	1	0	0
	4	2	1	0	1	0	0
	4	1	3	0	0	0	0
	4	0	2	12	0	0	0
	4	0	0	8	0	1	0
	3	0	0	2	0	0	0
	4	0	0	1	0	0	0

Summary: Earned runs—Bethel 3, Lovell 2. Two base hits—Howe, Bradshaw. First on balls—off Souther.

1. Struck out—by Souther 11, by Gill 7, by Rod, Bartlett 10. Left on bases—Bethel 8, Lovell 7. Passed balls—McAllister 2. First base on errors, Bethel 1. Lovell 2. Hit by pitcher—by Gill 1, Walker, Watson) by Souther (Rog, Bartlett). Umpires—Fushman, Bean, Davis—Davis. Time of game—2 hours, 45 minutes.

Score by innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Bethel 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3

Lovell 0 0 4 0 0 0 1 0 3

Eames—Martin

A very pretty wedding occurred on Sunday noon, August 5, at Faby Beach, when Arnold Ralph Eames, formerly of North Norway and Beatrice May Martin of West Paris were united in marriage by Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes.

The double ring service was used and the ceremony took place in the Universalist temple in the grove. The couple were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Stoen, Rev. E. H. Hins.

Mrs. Eames is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Martin and was graduated from West Paris High School in the class of 1928.

Mr. Eames is the son of Mrs. Alice Eames of North Norway and is well known in Bethel, where he attended Gould Academy for a time. At present he is employed by the State.

Both are highly respected and have the best wishes of many friends.

Diligence makes all things easy.

NOTICE

I have been appointed Sealer of Weights and Measures in the towns of Bethel, Manoa, Gilead, Norway and Hanover, and all persons using weights and measures or balances for the purpose of selling goods are hereby notified to bring the same to me to be tested and sealed. WESLEY WHEELER 15-17

The Boys and Girls 4H Club Picnic will be held at Bear Pond, North Turner, August 17.

All club members are expected to go.

Those who have no chance to go will please notify your leader and a chance will be made.

The garage of O. K. Clifford Co. at South Paris was broken into Thursday night and a few cents taken from the cash register. The same place was entered by burglars two weeks previously.

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FIRE ALARM SIGNALS

1 blast, repeated at one minute intervals, fire, smoke and fire alarm buzzers.

2 blasts, repeated at one minute intervals, Mill Hill.

3 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Chapel Park, Upper High, Upper Cemetery, Elm Street.

4 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Main St., Bazaar, Spring Street, Chapman Street.

5 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Lower Main, McBride's, Clark, Lower High, Lower Cemetery, Vernon Street.

6 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Mill Hill, Mill Yard and Deane Street.

IN CASE OF FIRE—Call the telephone office, tell the operator where the fire is, and she will send to the alarm house at once.

TIME TABLE

Effective June 26, 1928

EASTERN LINE

	Daily	Daily	Daily
S. C.	except	ptm.	
Sunday			
Initial Point	200	215	205
Bethel	400	700	340
Gilford	700	400	400
Abbot's W. (Bethel)	700	400	400
Bethel	400	800	400
Lake's Mills	800	810	400
Haynes' Pond	810	800	400
Bethel West. Park	800	810	400
Rocky Park	800	800	400
Lawrence	800	1000	600
Portland	700	1100	700

WESTERN LINE

	Daily	Daily	Daily
S. C.	except	ptm.	
Sunday			
Portland	700	810	810
Lawrence, Maine	800	800	810
Rocky Park	940	600	1000
Haines (W. Portland)	1000	600	400
Bethel's Pond	1010	600	1000
Lake's Mills	1000	700	400
Haynes' Pond	1000	700	400
Bethel West. Park	1000	700	400
Rocky Park	1000	700	400
Lawrence	1000	1000	600
Portland	700	1100	700

THIS OFFICE
is the place to have
your printing done, no
matter what kind it may be.

Men of Genius Noted
for Large Appetites

It would appear that the man of genius usually requires a large supply of substantial food. Intellectual work demands full nutrition to repair the waste of brain tissue. Scott was wont to attribute his extraordinary capacity for continuous work to his good digestion and the wholesome restraints of his appetite in his youth. "I have as keen an appetite now as any man," he said, "but I know when to stop."

Mirabeau is said to have been an enormous feeder, eating as much at meal as would suffice three ordinary men. Talleyrand was also a noted eater. Goethe and Napoleon ate large quantities of food, but cared little for the quality. Bismarck was noted for his appetite, which was insatiable, but his food was of the simplest.

Many stories are told of the gross delight in food shown by the two Dumas, father and son, one of which is that the younger, being overtaken by a storm, took refuge in a hotel near Paris. Twenty-four turkeys were hanging upon the spit.

"And all for a single traveler," explained the host.

"It is my father!" exclaimed Alexandre, junior. And he was right.

Ambidexterity Not a Thing of Importance

For the last 30 years systematic attempts have been made to teach children to use both right and left hands indiscriminately. But the results have been amusingly unsatisfactory. The explanation apparently is that the power of the hand is intimately associated with the unfolding of the cerebral centers which regulate language and are located on the left side—that is to say, in relation to the centers which regulate the control of the right hand and arm. The examination of thousands of human skeletons has demonstrated that in all cases in which the right arm is better developed than the left there is evident a correspondingly satisfactory development of the left side of the brain. It follows that left-handed persons must have less linguistic ability than the right-handed and that children obliged to use both hands indiscriminately will have diminished power of ready speech and an ability markedly less in learning and retaining language.—Washington Star.

Left Immortal Work

Peter Mark Roget, who compiled the thesaurus which bears his name, was an English physician and actor born in London, 1770, died in 1839. He studied medicine at the University of Edinburgh and removed to Worcester where he became physician to the Indian captain the fever hospital and the infirmary. He settled in London in 1800, and was long secretary of the Royal Society. Among his works are "Animal and Vegetable Physiology" (1834) and "A Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases" (1852) which passed through 29 editions in the author's lifetime, was edited by his son in 1870 and became a standard work of reference.

Famous Calacombs

The catacombs of Paris are vast excavations extending under the city of Paris, to nearly subterranean quarries which furnished the building material for the city. In the latter part of the Eighteenth century some portions of the city began to sink, and it was necessary to strengthen the roof of the quarries with masonry. In 1787 the stonemasons were arranged to contain the bodies removed from other burying grounds, and it is estimated that upward of six million bodies are now preserved in them. The bones are arranged in varied designs along the sides of the galleries.

Simple Happiness Rule

A famous singer recently told how four other great singers, who were to sing together at a gala occasion, quarreled over the question as to who should go first on the stage. All four were rich and famous, yet they made themselves miserable about such a trifling. The girl who is wretched if she sees another honored before her will sooner or later rule what might be a happy life. "In honor preferring once another" may not be an easy rule to follow, but it will surely bring peace to the mind and heart.—Ex-Change.

Earliest Newspapers

It is hard to say just when newspapers began, for the first papers, or pamphlets, publishing news did not appear with any regularity. They appeared when there was something important to tell. For instance, there was a French pamphlet published in 1702 telling of the surrender of Orleans to the Moors in Ferdinand and Isabella. Possibly there was another edition when Columbus discovered America, but no record has been found of that.

What Appealed to Him

An American received a letter from his son, who had emigrated to Canada. It reads:

"This is a perfect spot. How you would love the view of the mighty, rolling prairie, backed by the glorious white peaks of the Rockies!"

His father replied, "I am very content with the view at home here. From my front window I can look out to the head of the North of Scotland Park, and from the side window I can see no fewer than four hills."

LIFE'S

LITTLE
JESTS

TOO RECKLESS

"Darling," a young bride whispered, who had gone to the bank with her husband to draw the down-payment on an automobile, "hadn't I better put it in my stocking?"

"I should say not!" was the reply. "That's too much money to be carried in plain sight!"—Montreal Star.

It's Wise to Be Wise

A man told his son that two things were necessary for success.

"And what are those?" the boy asked.

"Honesty and sagacity."

"What is honesty?"

"Always keep your word."

"And what is sagacity?"

"Never to give your word!"

The Rich One

"I don't know why you won't have anything to do with Luis. Such a handsome man. And in addition, such fine prospects."

"I haven't heard about that."

"Oh, yes; he has a bachelor uncle who is a beggar in New York."—Path-finder.

Not Necessary

Traveler (on boat)—You were sick the first few days of the trip and the captain gave you leave? Did you ask for it?

The New Deck Hand—I didn't need to ask.

NINE LIVES

Traveler (on boat)—You were sick the first few days of the trip and the captain gave you leave? Did you ask for it?

Second Ditto—Don't you see it's a catfish, man?

Abuse of Power

High place with privilege is fraught with risk. You know, if I made a trade with a neighbor if he ought to be, perchance, a burglar.

Of the Same Mind

Magistrate—It seems strange to me that you could keep on robbing that embezzler for so long without being caught.

The Prisoner (brightly)—Well, the corporation was pretty busy itself.

Not Very Hungry

Tramp—Lady, could you give a poor tramp a bite to eat?

Former's Wife—But there is the wretched and the rat.

Tramp—Pardon me, lady, but I am subject to splitting headaches.

Reason for Wealth

Mrs. Brown—Do you think they are rich?

Mrs. Jones—Of course they are rich; they're still using last year's car.

SWEEPING REMARK

Miss—I don't believe Mrs. Brown ever brushed out her house.

Mister—I wouldn't say that—it's too sweeping a remark.

Traveler's Note

Sometimes I go from here to there, with exercise of patient care, and then I always perceive in getting back from there to here.

An Apt Pupil

My wife learning the piano, and my daughter the violin."

"And you—what are you learning?" "I'm singer in silence."—Gutiérrez (Madrid).

Almost Finished

Mrs. Gage—This is the end. I can live with you no longer.

Mrs. Gage—Yes, I guess it's all over but the shouting.

MASON

Mr. and Mrs. Will MacKenzie of Gilford spent the week end at J. A. MacKenzie's.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mason West Bethel, called at E. C. Mills' one evening recently.

Donald Storlir entertained a party of little friends in honor of his second birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendall Stanley, South Paris called at J. A. MacKenzie's Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. MacKenzie were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Judkins at South Paris Sunday.

Eli Grover and two sons are harvesting the hay crop on Fred Wheeler's farm on Grover Hill.

L. W. Grover from Halifax, Mass., was at Guy Morrill's a few days recently.

Miss Maisie Clough, Bethel, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Guy Morrill.

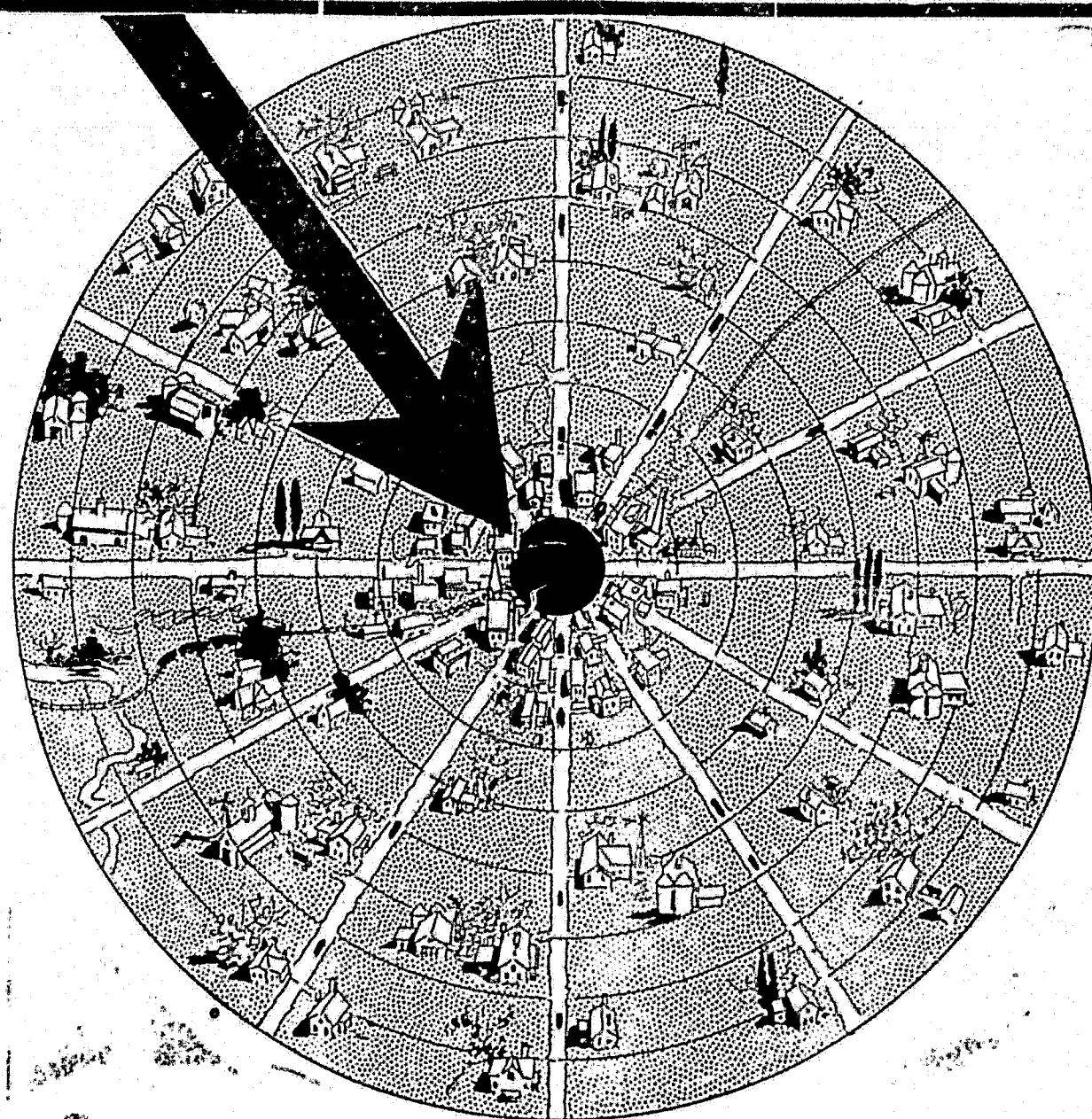
NORTH PARIS

NORTH PARIS

The Women's Division of the Farm

Bureau will meet at Community Hall

OUR HOME TOWN



The Center of our business and our social activities—The place we call home.

Are we doing, day by day, the many things we should do to make this town of ours an even better place in which to live--

Do we assume our share of civic responsibility
Do we always put our best foot forward
Do we boost our home town to outsiders

Do we meet adversity with a smile
Do we trade with home merchants
Do we pay our bills promptly

Folks, when we can all answer "YES" to these few questions, then, and not until then, will we be on the road toward a bigger and better BETHEL.

The Following Business and Professional Interests Stand Ready to Serve You and Bethel

J. P. BUTTS HARDWARE STORE Hardware, Paints Oils and Varnishes Atlantic Ranges and Heaters	EDW. P. LYON Store of Many Gifts FANCY DRY GOODS JEWELRY and SILVERWARE Agent for ATWATER KENT Radio	ROWE'S Dry Goods — Clothing Men's Furnishings Shoes Trunks and Suit Cases	CENTRAL SERVICE STATION GOODYEAR TIRES Public Car with or without Driver
BEAN & FOX CO. General Merchandise	ROY C. MOORE Flour, Grain and Feeds Wirthmore Dairy and Poultry Feeds Larro Dairy Feed Tel. 13-4	We have a new line of Silk Dresses, in Flat Crepe and Georgette, which we are selling at a wonderfully low price.	BETHEL NATIONAL BANK BETHEL, MAINE Make This Bank Your Center
HERRICK BROS. CO. Ford Sales and Service Fisk and Firestone Tires	BOSSERMAN'S DRUG STORE Save Your Vacation with a KODAK. Autographic Kodaks, \$5 up	BECKLER'S TEA ROOM Lunches and Gifts	ALLEN'S SHOE STORE SHOES and HOSIERY
J. B. HAM CO. Flour, Grain, Feed and Cement HAMCO DAIRY FEEDS Full Line of Grandin and Parl & Pollard Dairy and Poultry Feeds Tel. 38	THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN Printing for Particular People —like You	SAM'S FRUIT STORE Wholesale—Retail Confectionery Ice Cream We aim to please	H. I. BEAN Building Material of All Kinds. High Grade Shingles a Specialty
BETHEL SAVINGS BANK BETHEL, MAINE Put Your Money in a Mutual Savings Bank	EAT at FARWELL & WIGHT'S	WALTER E. BARTLETT General Insurance Best of Service Guaranteed	ROBERTSON'S SERVICE STATION Colonial, Colonial Ethyl, Valvoline GASOLINE Mobil Oil, Valvoline Oil and Pennzoil WASHING — POLISHING

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

AT BETHEL, MAINE

CARL L. BROWN, Publisher

Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1908, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.

Cards of Thanks, 75c. Resolutions of respect, \$1.00. Heading notices in town lines, 10c per line.

All matter sent in for publication in the Citizen must be signed, although the name of the contributor need not appear in print.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1928

DO YOU—

This is a community in which each one of us is expected to do his share toward making it a better place to which to live.

Each member of the community should take an active interest in all local affairs. Each member should vote on election day. Each member should take out to every meeting where community developments are being discussed.

It is only through such whole-hearted cooperation that we can hope to build up and hold the future growth of this community at a mark of which we may be proud.

If you have been shirking even a small part of your civic duty in the past, make up your mind right now that for your own good as well as for the greater welfare of the community that you will do your full share in the future.

BETHEL AND VICINITY

(Continued from page 1)

Mrs. Harry Jordan was in Portland.

D. H. Mann was a recent guest at his home here.

Roland Knobland is working at the Robertson Marine Station.

Miss Eleana Chapman returned Friday from Gordon Normal School.

Tom Brown is enjoying a vacation from his work at Rowe's store.

Mrs. Connie Arno is ill at the St. Francis Hospital Portland.

H. L. Bean has six grades of Cedar bunting on hand. Get your pack, adv.

Eugene Allen and family, of Yarmouth, were visitors at H. L. Jordan's Sunday.

Gorham levies of Portland are spending a week with Dorothy Bourne.

Andy Tolbert's recently won a prize of five dollars for a contribution to Film Fun.

Dr. Taddie's buildings are very attractive as a result of minor repairs and a coat of paint.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kelley of Newell, Mass., were guests at Herman Hobart's recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hodgdon from Keene Falls spent the week end with Dr. and Mrs. Jasper Gates.

Tom Kamps is confined to the bed following a stroke which he suffered a number of weeks ago.

Mrs. Patrick O'Brien and daughter, Patricia, are visiting Mrs. O'Brien's relatives in Winchester, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. King and daughter Elizabeth of New Germany were happy guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Eversole and Mrs. E. L. Brown were in Portland, Friday. Thomas Robertson drove for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Blake, Mrs. Walter Hale and Mrs. Arthur Herkert were in Bethel last Thursday to call on Leon Giese.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Wheeler and daughter, Minnie, were Sunday callers of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Hagedorn and family.

Mrs. Raymond Jackson and two children of Andover, Mass., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Jackson.

Mrs. Mary Hardy of East River, N. H., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. George A. Van Den Kerkhoven, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. James Macfarlane returned to Bethel Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. A. Van Den Kerkhoven also joined them.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustafson Carlson and three children arrived Monday for a visit with Mrs. Carlson's mother, Mrs. Jessie Taft.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jensen, Elmer Peterson and Miss Chase of Laramie, were guests of relatives on an auto trip to Farmington, Hermon's Mills, Livermore Falls and Castine Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Ray of Jessport called on Mrs. Gustafson Carlson Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Ray are enjoying a camping trip.

Mrs. George, Walter Bennett and Harold King, with a party from Portland's Fins, were down to Farmington Sunday.

After some ten days of rainy and cloudy weather, the hot days this week have been welcome to many farmers who have not started tilling.

THE FUR SALES AMOUNTMENT

Georgia H. Thompson

Anne was thinking of buying a fur coat, and had asked me to come with her to look over a likely purchase. The salesgirl held out the luxurious wrap and Anne slipped into it, drawing it close about her.

"You see," said the salesgirl, "Only the best of the fur has been used. Each of these stripes was an animal."

I looked over the garment with a sudden sickening. Each little strip an animal, and there were hundreds of them!

A dimness came over my eyes, and the fashionable fur shop faded and receded. I was out on the high bank of a stream, with the rolling prairie in its brown autumn dress, stretching far away to a smoke dimmed horizon. The wind swept over me with a tang of autumn, sweet to the senses, with just a hint of frost to come. Far below me flowed a sluggish stream, not a ripple to show that there was motion at all—but yes, there was a ripple, a V-shaped ripple, that gradually elongated itself as the head of it forced on and on. I watched that little brown head intently and knew it to be that of a muskrat. On it went, a little animated speck in the dull, still water. Once it dived, alarmed by something I could not see, but I saw it come up again at some distance off and continue its course. Whether it was out for a little pleasure jaunt, or pursuing some important errand, I could not say. But it seemed a joyous little entity of life, there in the sluggish, meandering stream, on the brown, wind-swept prairie, that just to remember it brought a thrill of independence to my own heart. Every strip an animal! What was the intermediate stage? Who concealed the trap there in the cool rushes? And when the cruel jaws had snapped on the little fury creature, how many hours did it linger in agony before a blow stilled the tiny, wild heart?

Every strip an animal! I do not know Anne her east now. I think I can never wear fur again.

—Our Dame, Animals

At a recent meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, Niantic, Conn., \$50 was voted for the purpose of advertising Niantic in Hartford, Springfield and New York papers.

A reception to Capt. Henry W. Lyon is planned to be held at Paris next Saturday. The tentative place includes a parade through the streets of South Paris and Norway and exercises at Paris Hall. Capt. Lyon is expected to come to Paris by airplane.

The Cambridge Tribune, Cambridge, Mass., has devoted its fifth anniversary issue to the Cambridge of the future. Many articles dealing with the progressive activities of organizations working for the welfare of the city and of New England are included.

A bear which was confined in a cage at a gas station in a Massachusetts town, made his escape and the owner, ex-attendant of the gas station, in his attempt to capture it and return it to captivity, was killed by the infuriated animal. Nowhere our sympathies are with the bear. Maine has a law which still allows the old custom of the dancing bear and which forbids anyone travelling through the country to kill one of these animals.

But we are still partial in our vision of dying. England recalls that Alcock and Brown were first to fly across the Atlantic. The United States can hardly

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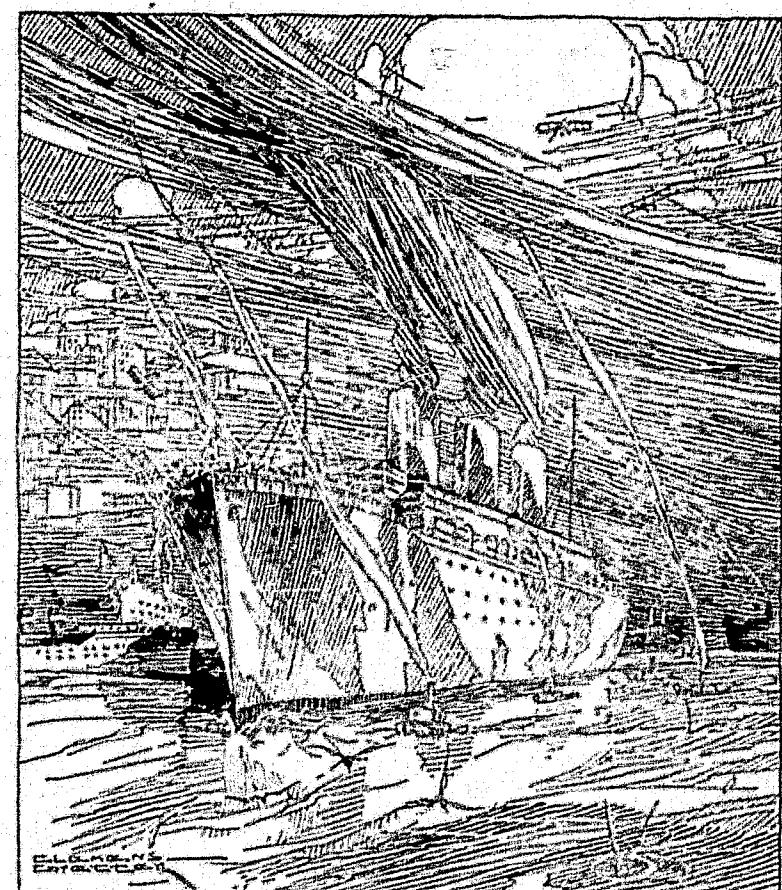
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But we are still

Maine Fair Dates

Aug. 20-23, Eastern Maine State Fair, Bangor; Benj. W. Blanchard, Bangor.
 Aug. 21-23 Androscoggin County Agricultural, Livermore Falls; Charles D. Dyke, Livermore Falls.
 Aug. 21-23, Cumberland County Agricultural and Horticultural, Gorham; P. E. Moulton, Gorham.
 Undecided, West Kennebunk Grange, Kennebunk; Amos R. Boyden, Kennebunk.
 Aug. 25, Piscataquis Valley Fair, Dover-Foxcroft; F. W. Mason, Dover-Foxcroft.
 Aug. 30-31, North Franklin Agricultural, Phillips; H. W. Worthley, Phillips.
 Aug. 28-30, Androscoggin Valley Agricultural, Canton; D. A. Blisbee, Canton.
 Aug. 28-30, Hancock County Fair, Ellsworth; E. F. Robinson, Ellsworth.
 Aug. 28-30, Houlton Agricultural, O. A. Hodgkins, Houlton.
 Aug. 28-31, Central Maine Fair, Waterville; J. Frank Goodrich, Waterville.
 Undecided, Goodwells Mills Grange Fair, Dayton; E. M. Jereson, R. 4, Bladeford.
 Sept. 3-4, New Belfast Fair, H. C. Suzzel, Belfast.
 Sept. 3-4, South Kennebunk, Windsor.
 Sept. 3-5, Blue Hill Fair, E. G. Williams, Blue Hill.
 Sept. 3-5, South Kennebunk Fair, South Windsor; A. N. Douglas, R. 9, Gardner.
 Sept. 3-6, Maine State Fair, Lewiston; J. S. Butler, Lewiston.
 Sept. 4-5, Unity Park, Unity; C. W. Taylor, Unity.
 Sept. 4-6, Northern Maine Fair, Presque Isle, Clayton H. Steele, Presque Isle.
 Sept. 4-6, North Penobscot Agricultural, Springfield; L. R. Averill, Prentiss.
 Sept. 8, Guilford Athletic, Guilford; R. D. Pearson, Guilford.
 Sept. 11-12, Kennebunk County Fair, Readfield; E. E. Peacock, Wayne.
 Sept. 11-12, Waldo and Penobscot Agricultural, Monroe; George A. Palmer, Monroe.
 Sept. 11-12, Oxford County Agricultural, South Paris; W. O. Frothingham, South Paris.
 Sept. 11-13, Penobscot and Piscataquis Fair, Exeter; Carl R. Smith, Exeter.
 Sept. 12-13, Eden Agricultural, Salsbury Cove; George P. Fogg, Hulls Cove.
 Undecided, Norridgewock Agricultural, Roland E. Everett, Norridgewock.
 Sept. 15, Solon Agricultural; Joseph Matsen, Solon.
 Sept. 18, Greene Town Fair.
 Sept. 18-19, Cumberland Farmers' Club, West Cumberland; H. H. York, Walnut Hill.
 Sept. 18-19, Saint Georges Agricultural, Montville; E. B. Bean, Thorndike.
 Sept. 18-20, Franklin County Agricultural, Farmington; Frank E. Knowlton, Farmington.
 Sept. 18-20, Washington County Agricultural, Machias; J. L. Andrews, Jonesboro.
 Sept. 22, Embden Agricultural, Embden; Grant Witham, Embden.
 Sept. 22, Parkman Agricultural, Parkman; Rue W. Kimball, Parkman.
 Undecided, Somerset Agricultural, A. C. O. Flanders, Madison.
 Sept. 25-26, Westernmost Valley Fair, Athens; W. A. Dore, Athens.
 Sept. 25-27, Cherryfield Fair, W. G. Means, Machias.
 Sept. 25-27, New Gloucester and Danville Fair, New Gloucester; C. H. McCann, New Gloucester.
 Sept. 25-27, North Knox Fair, Union; H. L. Grinnell, Union.
 Sept. 26, Cochnewagan Agricultural, Monmouth; W. E. Reynolds, Monmouth.
 Sept. 26, Waterboro Grange Fair, Waterboro; M. E. Ricker, Waterboro.
 Sept. 26-27, North Oxford Agricultural, Andover; H. L. Thurston, Andover.
 Sept. 27, Richmond Farmers' and Mechanics' Club, Richmond; Margaret Peabody, Richmond.
 Undecided, Green Town Fair, W. L. Moyer, Green.
 Oct. 2-3, Litchfield Farmers' Club, Weston; M. Lapham, R. 17, Litchfield.
 Oct. 2-4, Lincoln County Fair, Damariscotta, Ed. H. Denney, Jr., Damariscotta.
 Oct. 2-4, Shapleigh and Aetton Agricultural, Aetton; F. E. Young, Emery Mills.
 Oct. 2-4, West Oxford Agricultural, Fryeburg; Oliver L. Goldthwaite, Fryeburg.
 Oct. 3, Tranquility Grange Agricultural, Lincolnville Center; Bertrand Egleton, Lincolnville.
 Oct. 4, Leeds Agricultural, Leeds Center; L. G. Parker, South Leeds.
 Oct. 9-11, Segadache Agricultural and Horticultural, Topsham; E. C. Patten, Topsham.
 Nov. 20-22, Maine State Ponsological, Portland; E. L. White, Bowdoinham.
 Nov. 20-22, Androscoggin Poultry and Pet Stock, Lewiston; H. G. Crowley, Auburn.

American History Puzzle Picture



An American camouflaged transport ship leaving New York on its way across the Atlantic with our American soldiers. Find a sailor.

WEST PARIS

RUMFORD POINT

Mrs. Evie Jorgenson and son Hans of New York are guests of her brother, Guy A. Smith, and family.

Mrs. Mattle Thell of Melrose, Mass., is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Mrs. Clark Ridlon motored to Hartford, Friday with her niece, Mrs. Helen Bubler, and Leah Mayhew of South Paris, to visit her sister, Mrs. Mary A. Lang, who has suffered a third shock.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy A. Smith motored to Bath by the way of Augusta and Brunswick, going also to Portland and Old Orchard, on Sunday, Aug. 5.

Mrs. Clark Ridlon was the guest of Mrs. Abner H. Mann, Thursday, at Bryant Pond.

Miss Elizabeth Hollis has been visiting friends at Sumner.

Margaret S. Lane has returned to the Massachusetts General Hospital after a three week's visit with her mother, Mrs. Mabel Lane.

Mr. and Mrs. Prince of Auburn and Mrs. Laura Houghton, also of Auburn were recent callers at Mrs. Annie Willis.

Frank P. McMeney is in a serious condition of health. Miss Minnie Graves, R. N., of Lewiston is the nurse. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Ellingwood of Auburn were here recently to visit him.

Chester Buck is at the Central Maine General Hospital, Lewiston.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Martin have returned home from Sanford.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Chase and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Emery have been at camp at Indian Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Dunham have been entertaining their granddaughter, Esther Dunham, of Dixfield.

NORTHWEST BETHEL

We are all pleased to know that we are to have a new school house in this district.

Mr. and Mrs. Schofield of Weston, Mass., called on Mrs. Floyd Collidge one day recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brown and family of Norway and Mr. and Mrs. Byron Abbott of Auburn were at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown, Sunday.

Miss Alice Willis of Bethel, spent the week end with her niece, Mrs. H. A. Skilling.

Miss Myrtle Wilson is working in the office at Herrick's garage.

Extra Value Giving

in a

Coat Sale

The possibility of owning a coat such as we are offering at the prices quoted below, should interest every woman who is anxious to spend her money where it will buy most.

Coats that were \$12.00,
 \$18.00 and \$25.00

Now \$8.00 to \$20.00

EDWARD P. LYON
 BETHEL, MAINE

SMITH WILL ENFORCE LAW, IF ELECTED

Statement by Frederick W. Smith at Old Orchard, Tuesday

"We believe that if Al Smith is elected to the presidency of the United States he will enforce the prohibitory laws of the land so long as there are such laws to enforce, but if he is elected, we do not think that they will be there long to enforce," said Frederick W. Smith, superintendent of the Christian Civic League of Maine to the Womans' Christian Temperance Union meeting at Old Orchard, Tuesday. "We believe that Al Smith will follow the same policy that he followed as Governor of the State of New York. When he was elected to that high office, there stood upon the statute books of that state, the Mullen-Gage Act, by which the State of New York pledged itself to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment in keeping with the second section of that amendment which says that the states shall have concurrent power to enforce the provisions of the amendment. However, Governor Smith was not long in office before a bill was presented to wipe out the Mullen-Gage Act and Governor Smith signed that bill destroying the concurrence of the State of New York in the enforcement of prohibition. No longer was it possible for that state to assist in the enforcement of prohibition in the way that it should.

"It is a foolish thing for the Governor of New York to say now that the states ought to have the right to say what shall or shall not be recognized as prohibition and to plead for a change under the guise of 'states rights'. The State of New York under the leadership of Al Smith abrogated its enforcement of prohibition when it repealed the Mullen-Gage Act. If Governor Smith is sincere let him now put it back upon the statute books and pledge New York to its fulfillment of its rights as a state.

Work on Arthur Byron's cottage at Lakewood is being rushed to completion in an effort to finish it within a few weeks. It will have a large living room, kitchen, seven bedrooms and two baths. Beneath the cottage will be ample space for storing the famous actor's fleet of "pumpkin seeds." An old-fashioned "house-warming" will be given to dedicate it.

Next week The Lakewood Players will revive Frances Hodgson Burnett's famous play, "The Dawn of Tomorrow," with Lydia Westman and a tremendous cast of well known players.

Miss Westman is making her Lakewood debut this week in the original role of her last Broadway success, "Two Girls Wanted," and the captivating young star is winning a host of friends and admirers.

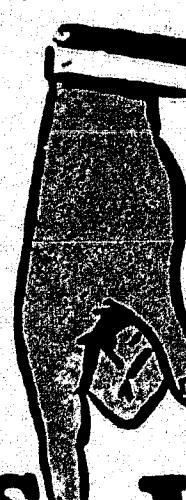
New arrivals are joining The Lakewood Players daily in preparation for the extended season at the theatrical resort. Production of plays will continue until October first, probably depending greatly upon weather conditions.

October is generally Maine's most perfect month and the additional company of Broadway notables will keep Lakewood entertainment at its high standard of perfection. The Presidential election is making Broadway

producers somewhat wary of rushing plays into New York until after the fall in business conditions has passed, and Director Howard Lindsey is taking advantage of postponed predictions to send a fresh company of prominent Broadway players to Lakewood.

New members of The Lakewood Players who are among those to be seen in the long cast of "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" include Thurston Hall, Humphrey Bogart, Mary Phillips, Harold Vermilyea, John D. Harrington who

returns to the east after an absence of several weeks, John Paul Lewis and several others whose names will be announced shortly.

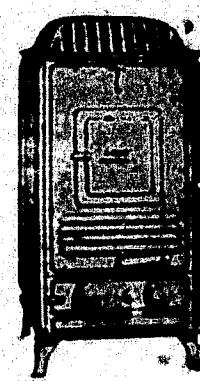


This way to the Free Coal

THE MEMBERSHIP list of the 7th Annual Heatrola Free Coal Club is growing fast. And no wonder! For a deposit of \$2 makes you a member—puts you down for a free half ton of coal—insures early delivery of a Heatrola this fall. Of course the \$2 fee is applied on the purchase price of the Heatrola, and payments can be completed on easy, convenient terms.

And what a joy the Heatrola will be this winter! As your friends admire its beauty, you'll be feeling its cozy warmth in every room in the house. And it will save you a lot of money in fuel.

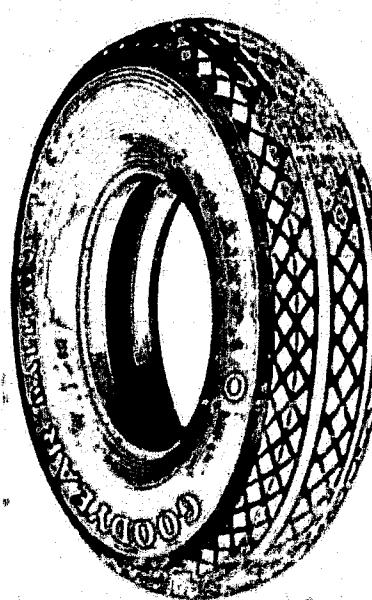
Come in or telephone, and let us tell you all about the Estate Heatrola and the extraordinary Free Coal Offer.



J. P. BUTTS HARDWARE STORE

BETHEL, MAINE

Estate
HEATROLA
*New low prices
 now in effect.*



Trade in Your Old Tires

We'll Buy 'Em

Why not get set now for months and months to come?

Trade in your old tires for Goodyear All-Weather Treads

We'll allow you every cent your old tires are worth and start you off on Goodyears. Then you can forget tire trouble for a long, long time.

You know Goodyear quality—it's the standard of the world.

There are absolutely no strings attached to this offer. We have a demand for used tires and we'll pay you for the mileage that's still in the ones you are now using. Remember they are worth more today than they will be a month from now. Take advantage of this offer now and get the World's Greatest Tires on your car.

CENTRAL SERVICE STATION

J. B. Chapman, Prop.

MAIN STREET

BETHEL, MAINE

CALL AND SEE THE NEW

MAJESTIC
 Radio Set

CROCKETT'S
 GARAGE

Auto Repairing

Nice Light Workshop

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men University of Illinois

TO RENT

The Folger Lodge has been standing for a great many years. It was one of the first houses built in the town and is still in use which I was pretty familiar with as a boy. We thought it an elegant place then for the Folger family was one of the oldest and most aristocratic in the community. Like all such families are like ty to do, they had disintegrated. Marriage and death and a desire for change had each done its work and there was no member of the family left, and the house had passed into other hands.

I walked by it one day recently and there was a "To Rent" sign on the porch and in the window. The house still had character, though there were no modern touches in its architecture. But it was unkempt. Whoever now owned it had not recently spent any money in keeping it in repair, hoping, I suppose, to get a reasonable return upon his investment without risking anything further in the property.

And yet there were great possibilities in the house. Its lines were excellent, its situation attractive, when set as it was far back from the street amid fine trees and overhanging vines. A little paint, a few repairs to clearing up of the yard, and a few hours given to trimming the shrubbery, and the trees, would have made the place beautiful as it had once been. As it is, it will stand long time bearing the sign "To Rent." The man who owns it is not a good business man. I Grant was a great horse trader in our rural community, and what is more uncommon, he seemed to prosper in the business. He could see more possibilities in a skinny ill-groomed horse than anyone else I have ever known. He would pick up one of these crows, feed him well, carry and break him until, he used to say, he could see his face in the animal's glossy coat, and then sell him for three times what he cost. He believed that if he had anything to sell he should first put it into the best possible condition to attract attention. He put up an "To Rent" signs on run-down property.

(In 1912 Western Newspaper Union.)

TRICKS OF THOSE PLOTTERS

By D. J. Walsh

"OH, TONY," exclaimed Ruth Arnold. "I've just heard the most terrible news!"

"What is it, dear?" answered Tony Arnold, slipping out of his heavy coat and sheepskin-lined coat and putting on his snowy gloves.

"That darling Mrs. Westerly is sick—Mrs. Brown told me today."

"What's the matter with her?" asked Tony.

"T. B." answered Ruth, looking straight into her husband's clear gray eyes.

So much these letters called up to the mind of both the Arnolds—so many memories of anxiety, hardship, struggle, suffering—but victory in the end.

"Hard luck," commented Tony, then added, "What is she going to do about it?"

"That's just the dreadful part about it all. The doctor says she must go clear of out West to some camp and Mrs. Brown says she'll just die of homesickness so far away from Mr. Westerly and Dorothy. Of course there is the sanitarium up North, but that costs \$100 a week and Mr. Westerly doesn't earn but \$30 and they want to keep up with the payments on their little house and they are so terribly, terribly poor."

Suddenly Ruth Arnold stopped speaking, clung to her tall, broad-shouldered husband and commented to cry.

"Cheer up, sweetheart, we'll figure out a way—and without letting them go in debt or her go West—or anything else—you just see if we won't."

The telltale spots of color deepened on Doris Westerly's thin white cheeks as she glanced toward her husband and said: "There comes that terrible truck driver!—I suppose she has heard the news and is rushing over to consider me by telling all about how her second cousin and her great-aunt and her husband's brother's niece had it—and just how long before they gave up. She has packages in the front of the baby carriage—most likely broth to build me up. Honestly, Martin, it seems as though I just couldn't stand being stared at pityingly by another neighbor who up to now hasn't so much as realized we've moved to this suburb."

"Say the word, dear heart, and if it is chicken broth I'll wash her face in it when she starts telling any gossipy stories," consolled Martin Westerly in a forcible tone.

Yet both the Westerlys welcomed their unwelcome visitor with politely assumed cordiality, though Doris did not attempt to rise from the couch on which she lay.

"Now, for goodness' sake, Muriel, don't upset anything while you're here," cautioned Ruth Arnold as she observed her sturdy small daughter making a beeline for an entrancing bowl of goldfish on a low stool. "You see, Muriel has had an off day, commencing with spilling her breakfast cereal down her neck—I shouldn't have brought her over, but I felt I ought not to wait another day before coming."

Martin Westerly's jaws tightened; Doris bit her lip.

"Tony—Tony is my husband, you know," continued the caller—was hauling for a wholesale nurseryman last week and he got the greatest lot of rhubarb roots, larger more than we need for our garden, so he told me to be sure to bring a dozen over to you because you mentioned last summer about wanting some."

"That's awfully kind in your husband and you, I'm sure," said Martin Westerly mechanically. "Some way, since the specialist's bad news about Doris, the garden had faded into the background of his interest."

"And you know," continued the visitor, chaffily, "if you want fresh rhubarb in winter all you have to do is to dig up some of the roots after the ground has frozen, stick them into a bushel basketful of dirt in the basement, and the first thing you know you will have the cutest little pale pink stalks—much better flavored than the housewife's variety."

"How interesting," said Doris Westerly, rather unconvincingly.

"Pretty green beads," exclaimed Mr. Muriel, edging up to the couch where Doris Westerly lay propped up on pillows. "Doris has pretty green beads, mother. Muriel wants the pretty green beads."

Mr. Muriel reached out and snatched the slender strand.

"Clever sister," exclaimed the child's mother.

"Oh, yes, she always comes to me and asks for her beads, Muriel," bitterly.

"Well, I told you we'd find a way to get the Westerlys fixed up, didn't I?"

"I didn't know you planned to give up your new coat," said Ruth.

"I call you haven't said anything more about going in to town to pick out that new floor lamp you've been talking about getting for so long," said Tony, teasingly. "Are you perfectly sure that your aunt really sent you so much more curtain material than you needed for this house, that you had enough for the new cottage?" Then both the plotters laughed.

"So we got a job on a poultry ranch, of course. Tony had to stay flat on his back, but the work wasn't very hard for me to do, and I got so I almost liked the idiotic hens. And come in handy since then, for Muriel and the twins are certainly been about eggs, and backyard grown ones are a darned sight cheaper than the store ones. And now Tony is just as good as new—nearly got unqualified life insurance last year. Isn't that a pity?"

"All due to the air and eggs Tony says."

The visitor leaned forward, her own cheeks flushed as she said in a tone as earnest as it was apologetic: "It's none of my business, I know, telling you what you ought to do. But you really should live outdoors. And you can do it just as easily at home as in one of those gloomeries they call mansions. With the lovely big yard you folks have you could put up an old cottage just as easily as could be."

For a moment the caller fumbled in her hand bag, then drew out a rolled blueprint. "Tony has been working on this little plan for a cottage for you. You see, it's designed to harmonize with your house and to fit right in with your gardening scheme, and when you don't have to park there all the time you can turn the place into a playhouse for your Dorothy."

Again the vision of the rough-looking neighbor they had always called the terrible truck driver flashed through the minds of the Westerlys. It was Martin Westerly who inquired incredulously: "Your husband didn't sketch this himself, did he?"

The visitor nodded, smiling a bit as she answered: "Tony is really an architect, but leaning over a drawing-board is zero in occupations for a longer, so he took up trucking after we had saved enough from the checker-ranch job to start buying a truck."

And that reminds me, Mr. Westerly, Tony is hauling for a builder this week, and he says there's a lot of odd-length lumber that you can have. He is going to bring it home for you to build, but if you care about it he said he thought that the two of you could come out Mrs. Westerly's cottage. Tony could help Saturday afternoon and Sundays, and I'll just run up a few curtains and things for it, and then she can sit out there and keep an eye on Dorothy while Dorothy is playing outdoors."

The visitor rose to leave, drawing out one package after another from the baby carriage. "Rhubarb roots for you, Mr. Westerly. Luffs for you, Mrs. Westerly. They aren't half bad if you take them raw with grape juice or orange juice. Tony said he'd dump that lumber off late this afternoon. There now, Muriel, I just know you'd disgrace the family. Come, hurry and help mother pick up Mrs. Westerly's sowing things, you little scamp. We're not going to be getting back home or supper won't be done in time, and you know how starved daddy is every night when he gets in. Honestly, Mrs. Westerly, he eats like a farmhand—I never saw such an appetite in my life."

"That's done," announced Tony Arnold, slipping out of his old sheepskin coat and putting on his heavy gloves.

"Did you really get it all finished?" asked Ruth, eagerly. "All but the painting, and Westerly is going to do that tomorrow. You ought to be able to put up the curtains in two or three days."

"I'll hurry up and finish them, I want to just get my deal tiled first and then I'll turn the hem. Here's that old leather jacket you were looking for last week. Better take it before it gets lost, for your old sheepskin coat certainly does look tacky."

"Keeps me plenty warm," defended Tony. "Think I might as well wear it on through this winter."

"Tony!" exclaimed Ruth. "Look straight at me and tell me the truth—do Mr. Grant give you that lumber or did he not?"

"Haven't we agreed that each of us shall do what we please with our own money?" purred Tony.

"I might have known it. Oh, Tony Tony—I just—love—you—to—bits."

"Well, I told you we'd find a way to get the Westerlys fixed up, didn't I?"

"I didn't know you planned to give up your new coat," said Ruth.

"I call you haven't said anything more about going in to town to pick out that new floor lamp you've been talking about getting for so long," said Tony, teasingly. "Are you perfectly sure that your aunt really sent you so much more curtain material than you needed for this house, that you had enough for the new cottage?" Then both the plotters laughed.

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"I call you haven't said

DINSMORE'S FOLLY

By

Crittenden Marriott

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

W.N.U. SERVICE

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—That her grandfather is the architectural monstrosity known as "Dinsmore's Folly" is, for genetic reasons, by no means pleasing to the Dinsmore modern. She is the only member of the family, but her father, millionaire head of Consolidated Trust, will not allow it. Edith, victim of a matrimonial mishap, is the victim of a matrimonial mishap, her wife having left him. Fred James, newspaper reporter, comes. Mr. James' story is that Edith is in love with him, and he is rejected. He takes the reflection in a melodramatic manner, Edith's runaway with Mr. Paul.

CHAPTER II.—Riding with Fred James, Edith's new boyfriend. The run-away is stopped by a stranger who does not give his name. Edith hereafter calls him M. P. (My Precious).

CHAPTER III.—Edith attends a prize fight. Police and the public have come from the vicinity of arrest by the same man who had stopped her runaway horse. She learns he is a Brandywine, a tall, thin, poor relation of the Dinsmores. Telling her father she is in love with Fred James, the old man is shocked. He sends Edith to take a trip to Japan, with their Aunt Candles.

CHAPTER IV.—On the pier, as the heat renews calling. "All about the Dinsmore's Folly." Fred James is on the vessel to sail without them, but with Aunt Candles. They find their home surrounded by a crowd, denouncing the Dinsmores. The old man has disappeared. Edith and Josephine take refuge at "Dinsmore's Folly."

Of course I didn't have to have caught his arm! I know that perfectly well. But I wanted to get out and I didn't have time to think up any other way to stop him. And he needn't have gotten so mad. He didn't run into anybody. He came near it, of course; but a miss is as good as a mile. I don't think our chauffeur could have been very brave, for he turned quite white and didn't speak for a minute—not till he had brought the car up to the curb. "Get out!" he grunted.

"What?" "Get out! You wanted to get out, didn't you? Well, then, get! And thank your stars you don't have to be carried." "You—you—you—" I sputtered. I was so mad I couldn't talk. So I got, instead.

Josephine followed more slowly. She handed the man a banknote. "I'm sorry," she said.

The man took the money. "Thank you," he said. "No harm done after all. But if you'll excuse me, say so, you'd better keep an eye on the other young lady, Miss." He started before I could find my voice. And he didn't give Josephine any change.

Josephine seemed to understand too. I felt, for she caught my arm hurriedly. "We came very fast, didn't we?" she asked. "But why did you stop a block from home, Edie?"

The question brought me back to earth. "Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "Can you see? . . . Look?" I pointed.

A block away, in front of our house, the street was black with people. "Our neighbors hate read the papers," I went on, "and have come to stare. I know they would. Maybe we can get in without being noticed—much. We couldn't have if we'd arrived in a taxi."

Josephine looked at me, admiringly, I thought. "I never would have thought of that!" she murmured.

We were close to the house now, and could see the people who were waiting. They did not look like neighbors, unless neighbors include everybody in New York. They seemed angry, too. I dropped my veil and motioned to Josephine to do the same. "I don't know one of them," I whispered. "But some of them may know us."

Decidedly, the waiting people were angry—very angry. They were humming like bees. I could not understand it at first. "What the matter?" I asked a woman in a shawl who stood waiting. She glared at me. "What's the matter?" she echoed. "What's the matter, is it? It's ruin and destruction, that's the matter, so it is. That's the way of the world. Dinsmore has stolen every cent I had laid up for me old age, that's what's the matter."

"Mr. Dinsmore's Stolen! It's not true!" I gasped.

"Not true, is it? It's me that wishes to God it wasn't true! He's stolen all the savings and run away with them." She thrust a newspaper beneath my nose.

It was another and apparently a later paper than the one I had bought on the steamer. That had been chiefly headlines and text that repeated the headlines; this I saw at a glance contained columns of detail. I snatched it from the woman's hands and ran my eyes down it.

It was awful. The paper seemed to have thrown restraint to the winds.

you and I are nearly busted—unless we go to the office and give ourselves a break."

Josephine considered this for a moment. "Then," she said, "we can't afford to take a taxi out to Dinsmore."

"That's nothing." I wasn't going to admit that I had forgotten anything. "We don't need any taxi. We'll go in the subway. Come on."

I started and Josephine followed. For three blocks she followed in silence. Then just at the subway entrance she halted. "I've been thinking," she began.

I stopped and faced her. I had great respect for the result of Josephine's thoughts—when she reached them. She was slow but she was sure—often painfully so. "Well?" I questioned.

Josephine opened her big eyes wider. "I believe Father had done everything—wrecked railroads, robbed banks, gambled in stocks, ruined thousands of widows and children—and then they disappeared. But he would be found soon; the railroads and ferries were all watched and—

I read no more. At least Father wasn't in jail. I turned on the woman. "I don't believe a word of it!" I cried. "Father—"

Josephine clutched my arm abruptly and I stopped. It was the first time in all her life that Josephine had done anything abruptly; and I stopped and turned to see what was the matter. I thought that perhaps she had seen Father approaching. I couldn't imagine her clutching me for any less startling cause.

"Good Lord!" My eyes popped wide and my mouth fell open. "If—" But there was no time for "ifs"; just then "Come along," I cried, clutching Josephine's arm. "We'll talk all that over at Dinsmore."

CHAPTER V

"Oh! h—," said the duchess, who till then had taken no part in the conversation.

Fred says that any story that is a story ought to start with some such expression as the above. I couldn't work anything of the kind in at the beginning of this story. But—if not at the beginning of a story, why not at the beginning of a chapter?

Not that there is any duchess in this chapter or even in this story. But the state of mind that the quotation connotes certainly does portray the feelings of pretty nearly everybody that appears in this chapter and of a lot of people who do not appear. At least, it portrays their feelings a little later when they heard of the events that took place in this chapter. And if eventually, why not now?

Anyway, it goes double for me! Josephine and I started for Dinsmore's Folly on the subway; anon we took a trolley car; some more anon we walked; and finally we arrived, after traveling for two hours without stopping, except for ten minutes that Josephine insisted on spending in a drug store at the end of the subway, while I stood beside a trolley car and begged the conductor not to start till my sister could join me. The conductor wouldn't promise, but he did wait. And then, after Josephine had come, he waited for a good five minutes longer. Brute!

It was a stiff walk (in high-heeled shoes) beyond the terminus of the line. More than once before I sighted the high stone wall that surrounded the Dinsmore place did I wish that I had thrown prudence to the winds and had insisted on spending our last nickel for a taxi. But it was too late then; besides, Josephine would never have agreed. Josephine is really nervous sometimes. Besides, I consoled myself, it would never have done to let a big-gossip of a chauffeur (all chauffeurs are big-gossips) drive two women to Dinsmore's Folly, while the newspapers were ringing with Father's indictment. We'd have had a dozen reporters out to interview us in no time.

But at the moment I had no time to think of that. The small door in the big entrance frame was open and through it three men were coming. Two were policemen, and one was—

"Thank Heaven, it wasn't Father! It was Father, the caretaker that always lived in the house while we were gone. He'd get out and then dodged back and closed the door.

The two policemen came down to the pavement and to the patrol wagon that was waiting at the curb. As the second one climbed he turned and spoke to a man who questioned him.

"Now!" he said gruffly. "There won't be nothing doing. Dinsmore ain't here; and it's a safe bet he won't be. His daughters have sailed for somewhere; and there's nobody here but a caretaker. There's no use waitin'!"

He spoke to the one man, but his big voice boomed over the street so that everybody heard it. Then he jumped into the wagon and it clattered away.

The crowd seemed satisfied, for it began to disperse, drifting away by ones and twos till no one was left except Josephine and me and an officer, whom I had not noticed before, who stood watching at the corner of the alley just beyond the house.

As soon as I saw him I guessed that he had been stationed there to arrest or follow anybody who came to the house, and I made up my mind that he should not see Josephine or me. If the papers and the police thought that Josephine and I had sailed for Japan I would not undermine them. We could hide and wait till Father turned up. Perhaps I—ever I—could do something toward clearing away the cloud that rested on Father's name.

I turned to Josephine. "Come!" I said, turning away from the house.

Josephine stared at me. "Come where?" she asked. "Aren't you going home?"

"No!" I said. "We can't." I explained why we couldn't. "We can't go home. We've got to go to Dinsmore's Folly."

Josephine looked so amazed that I did not wait for her to speak. "I don't wonder you're surprised," I said. "But we've got to go there. We've nowhere else to go. Perhaps you've forgotten?"—I had forgotten, too, and it had made me a little sarcastic—"perhaps you have forgotten that Aunt

the inevitable happened. The machine reached the front of the house, heading straight for the gate and for the river beyond. Then the driver seemed to see his danger and attempted to swing sharply to the right into the main road. But he was too late. For one heart-breaking instant the machine balanced on two wheels; then it went over and landed down the steep bank and its driver hurtled through the air and landed in the river. I saw the water fly high in air as he struck.

For a moment I stood paralyzed, too horrified even to shriek. Then I grabbed Josephine and ran toward the house, dragging her after me. But my knees were buckling under me and my heart was pounding so that I couldn't breathe, and before we got to the spot it was Josephine who was helping me instead of me helping her. In fact, it hadn't been for Josephine I believe I should have fallen down and perished right there; certainly I shouldn't have arrived until long afterwards.

When we did get there it was all over. Several men had appeared from nowhere (I guessed that they had been passing on the outside road), and had pulled the driver out of the water and carried him to the house. Perkins was just showing them in. From what I could see the driver seemed to be conscious though badly hurt. I wished that I could have seen him closer. I couldn't help believing that I knew him.

Perkins did not follow the party far into the house, for he came back to the door just as Josephine and I staggered up. The affair seemed to have shocked him as much as it had us, for his face was white beneath its tan; and his eyes, when they met ours, were big with panic. The gash that served him for a mouth had dropped open, and he seemed absolutely unable to speak.

Not that I gave him much time. In point of fact I gave him none. Josephine

was casting about for something to say. "But, miss—"

The man's objections were growing wearisome and I cut them short. "That will do, Perkins," I said, sharply. "We stay. And, remember, say nothing about our being here. No one knows it but you; and if it gets out I shall know whom to hold responsible."

I thought this was a very-mild rebuke, and I was surprised by the effect it had on Perkins. His eyes wobbled, and his color came and went. I wondered whether he actually respected my speaking as I had. If he did he could resent and be—That is he could resent it as much as he liked.

For some reason or other Perkins' hesitating manner had changed. Also his Scotch had modified. "He's hurt, miss," he said. "His arm and two ribs are broken, and his ankle—wrenched. The doctor said it would be better if he could stay here the night."

"Of course he can. You told him we should be—; that is, you told him 'yes,' of course?"

Perkins hesitated. "I weren't

to say positive, miss," he admitted. "I followed I'd be asking the owner and letting him know. The doctor lives not far away, and he'll be no

long time away."

"Oh, well. When he comes back

you tell him that we shall be very

glad to have the gentleman remain as

long as he may find it convenient. And tell the gentleman himself that we

shall be glad to call on him whenever

he is ready to receive us."

Perkins' eyes gleamed. "Yes, miss. And, who will I say sends the message, miss?"

I dropped back to earth kerplunk.

Josephine interrupted. "Not a soul

knows it yet, Perkins," she inter-

rupted. "Plenty of people will know it very soon. Mr. James will be out to see us tomorrow, perhaps tonight. Let us know when he comes."

I gasped. Never before had I known Josephine to interrupt or even to speak curtly. For a moment I could not understand her idea; then, abruptly, I read a new and sinister meaning into Perkins' objections to our living in the house, and into his questions as to whether anyone knew we were there. For the first time I realized that we were two lone girls, neither of us twenty-one years of age; that we were supposed to be on our way to Japan, and that we were actually residing in a lonely house far out in the suburbs of the wickedest city in the United States. Who knew what risks we might run if Perkins supposed that no one knew we were there? What did we know of Perkins, anyhow? Grandfather had trusted him, but—Once started, my suspicions grew by leaps and bounds.

However, there was neither time nor opportunity to speak or even to think at the moment. The men who had helped to carry the injured man into the house were coming out. I longed to go and speak to the one whom I guessed to be the doctor and to ask him if we could do anything to help. But of course I couldn't speak without telling him who we were. So we could only stand aside and let him think us mere gawking curiosity seekers. However, if they did not take the man away, I hoped to help later.

They showed no intention of taking him away. All of them except the doctor went straight to an automobile that I now noticed was standing in the road and climbed in, apparently washing their hands of the matter. The doctor stopped just outside the door and beckoned to Perkins, who hurried toward him. I could not hear what he said, but I did not doubt that he was telling the doctor to get the man away. I turned to Perkins. "Perkins," I said, "you can tell the gentleman and anybody else that needs to know that Miss Josephine Dinsmore, a distant relative of the owner, has just come out to live in the house and act as housekeeper; and that she has brought her sister, Miss Edith, with her. Tell him that Miss Josephine will be glad to have him remain, and that she will very shortly call to see him if she can do anything that will add to his comfort."

Continued Next Week



Josephine Afterwards Said That I Jumped Down His Throat.



When Planning a Picnic

Protect your food with waxed paper or vegetable parchment

PAD-O-WAX

Pads of 50 sheets waxed paper 10x12

10c

VEGETABLE PARCHMENT

7 x 9, 9 x 12 and 24 x 36

35c lb.

The Oxford County Citizen

WEST GREENWOOD

Mrs. Police is spending a few weeks in town.
Guy Saunderson called on W. A. Holley recently.
Miss Noyes spent a few days with her aunt last week.
Well Simeon is working on the State road.

Nellie Harrington and sister called on Mrs. Clegg one day last week.

Tom Kennebunk, Jr. was a visitor to North recently.

Miss Taylor is spending a few days with Mrs. Murphy.

Roy Cummings was a visitor in town recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Gill and daughter called on Miss Murphy and Miss Molly Gill one day last week.

Mr. Barrett of Rumford was in town recently.

Molly Gill and May Murphy spent the week end in Rumford.

Eugene Elwell was a visitor on Howe Hill last week.

Edward Kennebunk of Gorham called on his parents one day last week.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

WEST BETHEL UNION CHURCH

Roger P. Cleveland, Pastor
Sunday school, 9:30 A. M.
Evening worship, 10:30 A. M. The
ceremony of baptism and the Lord's
Supper will be celebrated at this service.

Young People's Society, 7:00 P. M.

Evening service, 7:30 P. M.

GILEAD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Roger P. Cleveland, Pastor
Divine Worship, 2:30 P. M.
The sacraments of baptism and the
Lord's Supper will be celebrated and
there will be reception of new members.

Midweek service on Wednesday evening at 7:30 P. M.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Chapman Street
Services Sunday morning at 10:45.
Subject of the lesson sermon, Mind.
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

Wednesday testimonial meeting at 7:30 P. M.

Classified Advertising

Twenty-five words or less, one week,
45 cents; second week, 15 cents; each
additional week, 10 cents.

Each word more than 25, one cent
per word per week.

Any changes of copy after first in-
sertion will be considered a new adver-
tisement and charged accordingly.

Wanted

WANTED—Man with car to sell complete line quality Auto Tires and Tubes. Exclusive Territory. Experience not necessary. Salary \$300.00 per month. Milarstone Rubber Company, East Liver-
pool Ohio.

WANTED—Beef Cattle, Pigs, Year
Old Hens. Call and get our prices.
W. C. BRYANT, Bethel. 1617

WANTED—Agents. Sell Hosiery, Exclusive line. Wholesale prices. Good profit selling our way. Send for prop-
osites. Lillian Hosiery Co., Everett,
Mass. 1413p

Born

In North Caspary, Aug. 1, to the wife
of Albert W. Hurd of Bow, a daughter,
Hester Alberta.

In Bethel, Aug. 14, to the wife of
Sherman Allen, a daughter.

In Bethel, Aug. 9, to the wife of
Engers A. Vasek Derckhoven, a son,
Engers A. Jr.

In North Paris, August 9, to the wife
of Nelson Cole, a daughter, Joyce.

In North Paris, Aug. 9, to the wife of
Chester McAllister, a son, Herbert
Chester.

In Bethel, Aug. 11, to the wife of
Edward Arsenault, a son, Joseph Til-
man.

Married

In Perry Beach, Aug. 5, by Rev. Elmer
H. Forster, Arnold Ralph Eames and
Beatrice May Martin of West Paris.

In Dixfield, Aug. 2, by Rev. T. B.
Hale, Walter L. Knight of Peru and
Mabel M. Heiman of Portland.

Died

In Norway, Aug. 3, Mrs. Adelia B.
Cole, aged 70 years.

In Lewiston, Aug. 6, Warren F.
son of Mr. and Mrs. William P. MacKay of
East Waterford, aged 1 year, 6 months,
22 days.

In Rumford, Aug. 4, Gata B. Mer-
rillson, aged 30 years.

In Rumford, Aug. 11, by drowning,
Albert Martin, aged 72 years.

In Augusta, Aug. 12, Selden C. Foster
of Norway, aged 63 years.

In Bethel Waterford, Aug. 13, Pres-
ton Hopper, aged 72 years.

In Cross, Aug. 14, Ziba F. Dutcher.

A young man should not be discour-
aged if he fails in business the first
the second, and even the third time.
He is learning all the time, and this
education is accumulated capital.

MICKIE SAYS—

"THE BOSSIE THAT ALL
CHAMOISEE SCHOOL LIBRARIES,
LOGGERS AND ORGANIZATIONS
WANT AS THE HOME TAPE
TO PURCHASE LOTS OF FREE
STUFF SHOULD NOT FORGET
TO READ ALL THEIR PRACTICAL
ORDERS ON THE SAME
PAGE!"



HANOVER

Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Russell enjoyed
a motor trip to Bear Pond Sunday.

Mrs. Horne Silver entertained her
niece from Gorham, N. H., over the
week end. Miss Barrows had just com-
pleted a 1500 mile trip on her vaca-
tion.

Young People's Society, 7:00 P. M.
Evening service, 7:30 P. M.

NORTH NEWRY

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cole were in
town Monday afternoon. Mrs. Cole's
sisters, Hazel and Ruth, and brother,
Rodney, returned home with her for a
few days visit.

Fred Wright and family went to Errol
Monday. Master George Wright re-
mained with his aunt, Mrs. Lane, for a
few days.

Word has been received of the mar-
riage of Arnold R. Eames and Miss
Beatrice Martin at Saco, Maine, on
August 5.

Catherine Hutchins went home Sun-
day morning to visit her folks.

Mr. Allie Eames is visiting at W. B.
Wright's.

Don't forget the Oxford County Po-
mona meets with Azoicous Grange at
Wilson's Mills Saturday, Sept. 8.

L. E. Wright with another man has
been making repairs on the Bethel and
Newry telephone line this week.

A good number attended the Circle
supper at Mrs. Morton's Saturday night.

EAST WATERFORD

Warner F. McKay, son of William
F. and Mable York McKay of East
Waterford died at the Central Maine
Hospital at Lewiston Monday

where he went for an operation and
died but a short time afterwards. He
was born Dec. 11, 1926. The remains
were taken to Spiller's Funeral Home
where services were held Thursday at
2 P. M.

They are building the road up higher
from the corn factory through by R.
E. Pinkham's store and putting in a
rock bottom.

Mr. and Mrs. Omar Moxey went
blueberrying Sunday with poor luck.

Mrs. Omar Moxey and son Shirley
returned home from Yarmouth Satur-
day where she has been spending a
few days.

Will MacKay is hauling birch wood
for the Haskell heirs.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Pinkham were
in South Paris visiting his sister re-
cently.

Charles A. Powers of Cambridge,
Mass., arrived Saturday for a few weeks
visit with cousins. The late string is
out, the glad hand extended and a warm
welcome is always given at A. T. Pow-
ers'.

Charles A. has just returned from
a summer cruise of six weeks on the
steamer, Gerie, having sailed June 21st
from Montreal. Will name only a few
places on the trip abroad. First stop
at Iceland, passed out to the strait of
Magellan, passing icebergs of great
dimensions for several hours. Stopped at
Reykjavik, capital of Iceland, then on
to the North Cape, Hammerfest, land
of the midnight sun, 200 miles north of
the Arctic Circle. The sun was in sight
the whole 24 hours. Then on through
the fjords of Norway. The fjords are
numerous arms of the sea, reaching
miles inland, canal-like, making trans-
portation for the people. Then to Co-
penhagen, Denmark, through the Baltic
Sea to Stockholm, most beautiful spon-
sor, on to Amsterdam, Liverpool, to
New York, home. America for me.

Charles A. has travelled extensively,
and says there is no country equals the
U. S. A. for opportunities.

Arthur Tucker is canning beans.

Mrs. Henry Rolfe remains very poor.

H. O. Rolfe with a crew of men are
getting logs out of the big pond into
the little one.

SOUTH ALBANY

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wardell and son,
Arthur Eugene, were in Norway Sun-
day evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Kimball were
week end guests at James Kimball's.

Roy Wardell and Hugh Little are
painting the Clark school house.

David McAllister is cutting the hay
on the Walker place.

Mrs. Anna Stearns is slowly improv-
ing.

A. R. Clark and Rev. Stanley Carne
were trying the fishing in this locality
Saturday.

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Century Magazine	5.00	4.00	Nation	5.00
Child Life	3.00	2.50	National Sportsman	1.00
Children, the Magazine for Parents	2.50	2.25	Nature Magazine	3.00
Christian Herald	2.00	1.75	Normal Instructor	2.00
Christian Humor	3.00	2.50	Outlook	5.00
Collier's, the National Weekly	2.00	1.75	Pathfinder	1.00
Cosmopolitan	3.00	2.75	People's Home Journal	.50
Country Gentleman (3 yrs.)	1.00	1.00	Photoplay Magazine	2.50
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Current History	3.00	2.75	Pictorial Review	1.50
Delineator	2.50	2.25	Popular Mechanics	2.50
Educational Review, N. Y.	3.00	3.00	Popular Science Monthly	2.50
Elite Styles	3.50	3.50	Radio News	2.50
Etude Music Magazine	2.00	1.75	Red Book	2.50
Every Child's Magazine	2.00	1.65	Review of Reviews	4.00
Farm and Fireside	.25	.15	St. Nicholas	4.00
Farm Journal (3 yrs.)	.75	.65	Saturday Evening Post	2.00
Field and Stream	2.50	2.25	Science and Invention	2.50
Forbes Magazine	6.00	4.50	Scientific American	4.00
Forum	4.00	3.50	Screenland	2.50
Golden Book	3.00	3.00	Scribner's Magazine	4.00
Good Housekeeping	3.00	3.00	Theatre Arts	4.00
Harper's Magazine	4.00	3.50	Theatre Magazine	4.00
Harper's Bazaar	3.50	3.25	Time	5.00
House and Garden	3.00	2.75	Travel Magazine	4.00
House Beautiful	3.00	2.75	Vogue	6.00
Hygeia, Health Magazine	3.00	2.50	Woman's Home Companion	5.00
John Martin's Book	4.00	3.50	World's Work	1.00
Judge	5.00	4.50	Yale Review	4.00
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